To my Missionary

I

Brother you've been called to labor
and in distant lands to roam
called to leave your dear companion
called to leave your friends and home
Tho it is hard to leave your loved ones
Tho you miss their tender care
Still you have this consolation
They for you unite in prayer

II

When in distant lands you wander
Far from home and mountain vales
Tho your foes may scoff and scorn you
God's protection never fails
That his spirit may attend you.
That you may feel his loving care.
May it lead and guide and guard you.
oh. this is our humble prayer.

III

When your mission has been ended
and you are homeward bound again
Welcomed by your friends & kindred
and with them you will remain

May your life be full of Pleasure
and eternal joy your share
With your Lord and your Savior
Dwell in Peace forever there.

TUNE - OH MY FATHER. Sang at my farewell by
Frances Tennant & Norma

Blue Hours

Blue hours that I'm spending
are blue darling for you.
Blue hours with no ending
are you spending them too?

My nights are lonely
My love for you only
My days are dreary
I love you so.

Blue hours that I'm spending
are blue darling for you
Blue hours with no ending
are you spending them too.

- My King -

you are all that I have to live for.
all that I want to love.
all that the world holds for me
of faith in the world above
you came and it seemed too mighty
for my humble heart to hold
It seemed in its sacred glory
like a glimpse through the Gate of gold.
Like life in the perennial Eden.
created, formed anew.
This dream of perfect manhood that I realize in you.
God created me a woman with nature just as true
as the blue eternal ocean;
as the sky that is over you: And you are
mine until your maker

claims you
your soul and body.
sweet
your breath and the whole
of your being.
from your kingly head
to your feet
your eyes and the light
that is in them
your lips with their
maddening wine.
your arms with their
passionate clasp. My King
your body and soul are mine.

De clouds am floating in de
sky.
De wind yo' Prowl erroun' an'
sigh
De moon am lonesome - so
is I ... Cause Why?
I'se Missin' You!

To a Friend

I love you not only for what you are, but what I am when I am with you.

I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but what you are making of me.

I love you for the part of me that you bring out.

I love you for putting your hand into my heaped up heart and passing over the foolish and weak things that you couldn't help dimly seeing there and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful, radiant belongings that no one else had looked quite deep enough to find.

I love you for overlooking

the possibilities of the fool and weakling in me and for laying firm hold on the possibilities of the good in me

I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me and adding music to me by worshipful listening

I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life, not a Tavern but a Temple and of the words of my everyday, not a reproach but a song.

I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me good. and more than any fate could have done to make me happy.

you have done it by just
being yourself.
Perhaps that is what
being a friend means after all.

to

Woman

She's an angel in truth a
demon in fiction
a woman the greatest of all
contrivation.
She's afraid of a cock-roach
she'll scream at a mouse,
but she'll tackle a husband
as big as a house.
She'll take him for better
she'll take him for worse
she'll split his head open and
then be his nurse
And when he is well
and can get out of bed
she'll pick up a teapot
and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-
sighted, and blind.
She's crafty, she's simple
she's cruel and she's kind.
She'll lift a man up and
she'll cast a man down
She'll make him her hero.
her ruler her clown.
You fancy she's this but
you find that she's that
~~She's always wanting you~~
~~to buy her a hat.~~

She'll play like a kitten
fight like a cat in the
evening she will
be in the morning she won't
and as might be expected
she does but she don't

Love cake
1 lb. love (concentrated)
4 arms tightly clasped
4 pressed lips
1 narrow bench
Mix well -
Do not touch while others
are around.
Leave until after dark

How to Kiss

The gentleman must be a little taller than the lady he intends to kiss. Take her left hand in your right and draw her gently to you. Pass your left hand over her right shoulder, definitely across her back under her left arm. At the same time she will throw her head back and you will have nothing to do but lean forward and press your lips to hers and the thing is done.

Don't make a noise over it as if you were shooting off firecrackers, nor pounce upon it like you were a hungry hawk pouncing upon an innocent dove but gently fold her in your

arms (without smashing her standard collar or spoiling her hair) and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth revel in the blissfulness of the situation, without smacking your lips over it as you would a glass of liquor.

Bringing up father

When I was 14 my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have him around But when I got to be 21 I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in 7 years.

mark Twain

Men heap together the mistakes of their lives and create the

monster they call destiny
John Oliver Hobbs

I am defeated and I know it
if I meet a human from
whom I find myself unable
to learn. - George Herbert Palmer

Usually its those that are
traveling the broad road that
object to sermons about the
narrow way.

You know folks, whether
you are sailing along the
sea or sailing through
life its a pretty comfortable
feeling to be sailing with
your father.

Life is but a short summer:
man is but a flower. Dr. Johnson

The Success Family

Father --- Work

Mother --- Ambition

Oldest Son --- common sense

Other sons --- perseverance honesty thouroughness foresight enthusiasm and cooperation.

Oldest daughter --- character

other daughters --- cheerfulness loyalty courtesy. care sincerity and economy.

Baby --- opportunity

Get acquainted with the old man and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

The optimist fell ten stories at each window bar
We shouted to his friends
"All right so far"

anon.

Dear Father of Mine

Dear father of mine, as I sit here tonite
and see those eyes which are fast
turning white;
Those shoulders that droop, not
alone with the years,
But also with life's many
burdens and fears

Those hands rough with toil
and work you have done:
your body grown tired with
the race you have run,
And the wrinkles that deepen
as day follows day.
And the Prime of your life
passes swiftly away.

A mysterious feeling steals over
my heart.
Just making me wonder if
I've done my part.
If I've been a son in the

things I have done
As you've been a father to
your thoughtless son.

It sets me to thinking of all
you've passed through
And I realize somewhat the
debt I owe you.
The value of money to pay
it is slight
The world's wealth and
riches could never requite

You the things you have done
for those children of thine
And the lives you have
given them, father of mine
We can never return all
the sleep you have lost
Nor repay for the hardships
that each of us cost

We cannot turn back the long
years gone before.
To relieve you of troubles and
worries now o'er;
We can only resolve to bring
happiness true
In the years that are coming
to you.

You have hidden your worries
and troubles and cares:
Revealing them only to God in
your Prayers;
You have fought with a smile
full of hope and good cheer,
Under which was concealed all
your worry and fear.

You have sacrificed all for the
lives dear to you.
And sometime they'll realize
what you've passed through

And then will they thank you
their all will be thine.
And they'll make your life
happy dear father of mine.

Now that I'm older, my father,
I see.
Your true worth, and everything
you've meant to me.
And my heart overflows with
with love that I feel,
for the man whose influence
O'er me has been real.

When childish disputes came and
you took my part,
You won your way into my
thoughtless heart.
When you made bows and
arrows and slings for my
play.
And joined in my sport at

the close of day.

When my fun was your fun in
those childhood days.
And you taught me the secret
of boyhood ways:
When you taught me to pray
and to reverence God,
Through lessons you'd learned
on the path you had trod.

My love for you grew, though
it may not have shown.
I was always so proud to
call you my own.
Now, as on life's journey.
the speeding years roll
It seems that you're becoming
a part of my soul.

One look of reproof from
your eyes, father mine

Eyes from which virtue and
true manhood shine -
Can punish me more than
the whip or the lash.
When I've done something
evil or rash

And your commendation is
worth more to me.
Than the praises or plaudits
of millions could be.
Your word of encourage
ment sends me along,
With hope in my heart, in
my soul a glad song.

For I know you're a man
pure, courageous and true.
No higher ideal could I have
than you.
If I can't live worthy to be
called your son.

I shall say in the end.
"Now my task is well done."

If I can just feel that I've
lived a pure life.
That I've hidden my troubles
and sadness and strife.
And have loved and have
served with devotion as true
I'll feel I have paid some of
my debt to you.

Thus far in your life you
have been a success.
And have found real joy
and the true happiness
Which comes through the
knowledge that you have
done your best.
Although with earth's goods
you never have been blessed

So I hope that the future
will brighten each day.
And I'll do all I can to make
easy your way.
I'll try to live up to your
teachings so true,
and become as my father,
a man through and through.

Walter M. Horne.

So Let us build together
so many lovely ties
There is no room between us
for this high wall to arise.

"Iran"

The Life of an Elder

" An Elder's life is the life for me.
For oh! what wonderful sights they see
Traveling about among rich and poor
Leaving a tract at every door
Forbidden to call at the door anymore.
How pleasant it is to go to a door
and holler and yell till your throat is sore
No. I cant keep you, my neighbor tho
can entertain such guests - and so
To him you had better hurry and go.

How nice it is to tote a grip,
I'm sure you would all enjoy the trip
Wading thru swamps and water deep.
Going ten miles for a Place to sleep.
I'm sure you would all like the trip a heap
How Pleasant to preach till
your throat is sore.
To dodge rotten eggs
coming in at the door.
To read your text by the
moonlight bright

When the crowd forgat to
bring a light.
An Elders life is out of sight.

How Pleasant to sing and
Preach and Pray.
To sleep in the school-house
when all go away.
With a grip for a Pillow and
a bench for a bed.
Dreaming of home and
what loved ones have
said.

How pleasant to gaze in
the bull dogs face
To have him chase you off
the Place.
To leap the fence with a
sudden bounce
and light on the fence
instead of the ground.
Leaving your trousers out in the Roun

How Pleasant it is to wash your clothes.
Rubbing your socks while you hold your nose.
No starch for your shirts, you rub and you scrub.
By some cool stream with no soap or a tub.
bleeding your knuckles as you rub.

How Pleasant the life of an Elder must be,
Scratching and fighting to kill the fleas
Pulling of scales from chegger bites.
Putting the bed-bugs and mosquitoes to flight.
Rolling and scratching all the hot summer night

How pleasant to walk thirty miles a day.
No food to eat - no place to stay

Your umbrella spread out
to keep out the rain-
United you say of your-
self as Cain- "A fugitive
in the land I must remain"

"Ancestors"

If you could see your ancestors
All standing in a row.
Would you be proud of them
Or don't you really know?
Some strange discoveries are made
In climbing family trees.
And some of them you know.
Do not particularly please.

If you could see your ancestors
all standing in a row
There might be some of them perhaps
you might'nt care to Know
But here's another question what
Requires a different view

If you could meet your ancestors
Would they be proud of you?

Mormon Leaders

They have stood the test of the ages
And the toil of the long bitter years
They are earnest in living the Gospel
Tho 'tis done with smiles and tears

They have loved and upheld their religion
In the face of a world of scorn.
They have graced the country they lived in.
And 'tis better since they were born.

And their long years of faith undaunted -
In the face of a threatening world

And now bearing fruits of the
faithful
Wher the mormon flags unfurled

They are loyal to state and country
To the city in which they dwell
They stand for law and order
And their numbers daily swell

Since the time when their
Prophet and seer.
Joseph Smith, his vision, recieved
Their church has grown and
Prospered
And great are the things
theyive achieved.

They are heroes now in
every country
On the face of the living
earth
And the message of hope

theyire imported.
Was value of etenal worth

They worship the god of
their fathers.
In the way that is pure
and true
Theyire the builders of our
"Mount Zion"
And among God's chosen few.

"You'll Get it"

"If you want a thing bad enough
To go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
Give up your time and peace and sleep
for it, If only desire of it.
Makes you mad enough
Never to tire of it, Makes you hold all
things tawdry and cheap for it,
If life seems all empty
and useless with out it

And all that you scheme and you
dream is about it. If gladly
you'll sweat for it. Fret for
it. Plan for it, Lose all your
terror of God or man for it
If you'll simply go after the
thing that you want with
all your capacity, strength and
sagacity. Faith. hope, and
confidence; stern Pertinancy
If neither cold Poverty;
famished and gaunt. Nor
sickness, nor pain, of body
or brain, can turn you
away from the thing
that you want, If dogged
and grim you besiege and
beset it. "You'll Get it" -

"Mormonism"

There's something very striking
'Bout this church with Mormon band
It always has an important job
For every willing hand.
It doesn't teach false doctrine
To win the hearts of men
But claims that real Christianity
Has come to earth again.

It doesn't garb it's teachings
In mystery or shroud
It Proclaims the truth of the heaven
It's example speaks aloud.
It solves the many questions
Of a troubled world today.
Questions very hard to answer
By those who preach for Pay.

There's something great and marvelous
'Bout this so called "Mormon Creed"
Its powers and it's precepts
Meets every human need

It explains with such simplicity
The scriptures of the Past
And the broadness of its teachings
Make wise men stand aghast.

It doesn't call for Pomp and show.
Or any grand display.
And ministers of this gospel
Don't count on any pay.
It invites all honest People
In near and distant lands
To Partake of all its blessings
And join its peaceful band.

"Write your own Ticket"

Write your own ticket, young fellow
and state How far would you
travel, what sights would you see?
What is it you're anxious to do
and to be. Life's roads are
all open, Which one will you
see? Here are all sorts

of stations, come, step up and choose!

Write your own ticket! State plainly your dream. Will you drift with the current, or paddle up-stream? Fair name or shady, good habits or bad. Step up and pick them. They're there to be had. Where you would be when you're fifty, let's say? Tell us that now and get started today. Write your own ticket. There's none to deny your right to whatever you're willing to try.

Where are you going to? What is your plan? Would you be known as a fool or a man? Life still has much for its stout hearts to do. Which task will you tackle? "It's all up to you"

CH

"Buckle in"

You've failed, you say, my boy? ah, well
The world will still be bright
The strongest scrapper of them all
Must sometimes lose a fight.
The fastest horse that ever ran
Sees times when he can't win;
You've failed, you say, my boy? ah well
Just smile and buckle in.

The man who wins success must fail
Not once, but often, lad:
All victories that come to one,
In failures must be clad.
The fellow who's ahead has seen
the times he didn't win:
He's had his setbacks - lots of them
So smile and buckle in.

Hard work will do most anything
If you'll but keep it up;
And in the end it will let you lad
Drink from good fortune's cup

You've failed, you say, my boy? ah; well
Great failure with a grin;
Keep pluggin' and you'll land on top
Get busy! Buckle in -

"The quitter"

Pete handed the quitter a bump and he dropped
The road seemed to rough to go so he stopped;
He thought of his hurt, and there came to his mind
The easier path he was leaving behind;
"Oh, it's all much to hard", said the quitter right then
"I'll stop where I am and not try it again."

He sat by the road and he made up his tale,
To tell when men asked why he happened to fail
A thousand excuses flew up to his tongue,
And these on the thread of his story he strung
But the truth of the matter he didn't admit
He never once said, "I was frightened and quit".

Whenever the quitter sits down by the road
And drops from the struggles to lighten his load

He can always recall to his own peace of mind
a string of excuses for falling behind;
But somehow or other he can't think of one
Good reasons for battling and going right on.

Oh, when the bump comes, and fate hands you a jar
Don't baby yourself, boy, whoever you are
Don't pity yourself, and talk over your woes,
Don't think up excuses for dodging the blows,
But stick to the battle and see the thing thro
And don't be a quitter, whatever you do.

Edgar A. Guest -

"The One who wins"

The man who wins is an average Man
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blessed with any peculiar luck
Just steady and earnest and full of PLUCK

When asked a question he does not "guess",
He Knows and answers "no" or "yes"
When set to a task what the rest can't do

He buckles down till he puts it thro

There things he learned that the man who tri
Finds favor in everyone's eyes:
That it pays to know his business well.
And it don't pay to tell all he knows.

He works and works; Till one fine day
There's a bigger job with bigger pay
And the man who shirked whenever he could
Was working for the man whose work made good

For the man who wins is the man who works
Who neither trouble nor labor shirks
Who uses his hands; his head; his eyes;
The man who wins is the man
who really tries -

Charles A. Barrett

Dear Misi Talele:

Or should I say dear Orvill? That sounds funny and I guess it felt funny even to the typewriter: It giggled all over when I was writing it. It won't be long now till Misi Talele will be a dream and you will have your old place as O. S. and it will seem just as queer to you as the Misi Talele did at one time. I always feel sorry for newly returned missionaries. They have such a hard life when they first get back. No one understands them. If they try to do their duty people think they are trying to show off, and if you take a more humble attitude they say you are back-sliding.

They call on you to pray and if you make a long one people say, "He thinks he is heard for his much speaking." If you make it short they say, "a that lot he learned while he was away." you are called to bless the food; you stumble through a few English words. and a bright young fellow of the family is heard to say "Wick!" he could do better than that before he left; or "There's no use eating, as the soup is cold;"

I want to give you as much encouragement as I can so I wont say much more along this line. Do you remember how the natives used to look at you, and follow you down the road from Fagamalo to Avau? when you first get down there? Well, that is what

the kids do when you first get home. My advice is: Keep away from the zoo for awhile I visited it too soon. More people were watching me than the other animals there. I even heard one lady with her two children say," Oh, he must be tame or they wouldn't let him out of his cage like this." And when I left someone had the nerve to report it to the watchman.

The first dance is great. You think that you're the most popular man in the ballroom, and you are too; It isn't any trouble to get a lot of dances In fact, if you don't dance with all the girls the first set they think you are a slighter. The result is you go home like a big gas balloon, you hardly touch the

earth at all. And all the time in your mind you are saying. "If I step Jane how am I going to keep Mary from getting sore." or "And there is Ethel too." "I think she is the one I want and wont it be great when we have a little home of our own, a cow a boy and a girl, love, happiness. etc. etc. And by the time that you get a home you're an old man looking back over the things you have done the great name you have retired. and the success of that boy and girl who a few minutes before weren't you crawl into bed and the air castles go on.

The next dance comes along -- Somehow you have been just too busy to call up for a date. but then you had better go anyway, the girls will

be so dissappointed if you dont. you still are a big balloon waiting to be pricked. and my dear boy, there will be plenty of pins before the night is through. When you get to the door of the dance hall there are not twenty girls to met you, there are not ten, and not even five, and probably just a casual bystander (prick # 1) You wonder if you are in the same town. Then you look around and see Mary, Ethel, and Jane. You say to yourself: "Oh, they are too busy dancing and haven't seen me. I will charge over and get a dance or two. You get the fourth with Mary, the eighth with Jane, and sixth with Ethel (prick # 2) You then decide to step outside till your

dances come around, you come back in, the ticket taker says." You don't want to start that old stuff so soon." meaning of course that you had been taking a nip - (Prick # 3) The gas is going somehow you manage to get through your dances even if you do think that Jane is a bore, Ethel is fickle, and Mary not quite ideal. This time as you walk home you decide that the single life is really the ideal life.

You decide that children would not mean happiness because some of them would take after their mother, and they wouldn't quite be up to the old standard and you think of the words of Le Pete: "The wicked child is a father's sorrow." This night the dream castles are not as

high. because they are not so inflated.

After about the third month you have decided that maybe the United States want need you for their President and Probably the Church wont ever run short of apostles you decide to be an ordinary man, living in an ordinary way. with ordinary friends. You decide that there is more honor in being a just subject than in being an unjust king. Life rolls on and you are just you and that is when life begins

Sincerely yours

- - -

"When The Curtains of Night"

When the curtains of night are.
Pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon mounts the sky
And the dew drops of heaven are
Kissing the rose.
It is then that my thots swiftly fly
As if on the wings of some
Pure. snow-white dove
In haste with the message she bears
To bring you a Kiss of affection
and say.
"I'll remember you." Love, in
my Prayers.
Then go where you may.
on land, or on sea,
I'll share all your
sorrows and Cares
and each night when I Kneel
by my bedside to pray.
I'll remember you, "Love"
in my prayers.

"The Sales girl-s dream

Four O'clock the cloak is striking
and I'm setting don to write
In mine dairy what has happend
On de date I had tonite

I come hame from work at seven
vas I hungry ? I should say,
After eating I meet Jakie
Ve vent to a picture Play.

Ve saw Claudette Colbrit ecting
Cleo patreek was her name
How dat woman made a monkey
From her lovers -- what a shame.

From de movies Jakie den take me
To a place to dreenk some beer
I having such a good time
Jakie, I tell yaw vas a deer.

Afterwards, ve vent out riding
Jake had last week bought a car

for an hour he was driving
to de country way out far.

All at once de car vent flooie!!
Jake, he said de spark plugs mis-
sin. When we stop, he holds me tight
Pretty soon he starts in Kissing.

Everything was going lovely
But he starts to act too smart.
"Stop it Jake", I'm saying madly.
"Try to give de car a start".

But he didn't pay no attention
und he thinks that I'm a sap
Till my Irish blood starts boiling
und I give hees face a slap

I jumps from de car and tell hem
to me don't you ever talk
Und he answered, "Don't you like it?
Den you better start to walk.

So I'm starting em to walking
Vot a hike.. Vas my feet sore?
But I'm coming back a nice girl
Even if it's nearly four.

Now mine dairy I am closing
My poor feet hurt so mit pain
Dat I've made up my mind, Not to
Valk back from a ride Again.

Er

The Great Physician

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home.

He never put his feet inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon the cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of Property He had on earth, while he was dying, and that was his coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in

a borrowed grave, through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the columns of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the Parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, Put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as much as that One Solitary Life..

Author Unknown

Forgotten

Forgotten you? Well if forgetting be
thinking all the day
How the long hours drag since
you left me.
Days seem years with you away
Or hearing through all the
strange babble of voices, now
grave, now gay Only your
voice. Can this be forgetting?
Yet I have forgotten you say.
Or counting each moment with
longing.

Till the time when I'll see
you again. If this be forgetting,
your right my dear, and I
have forgotten you then.

II

Forgotten you? Well, if
forgetting Be reading each
face that I see with eyes
that mark never a feature
save you as you last looked

at me. Forgotten you? Well if forgetting Be yearning with all my heart. With a longing. half Pain and half rapture for the time when we never shall part.
If the wild wish to see you and hear you.
To be held in your arms again. If this be forgetting, your right dear and I have forgotten you then.

"Fran"

Samoa

Ye fair warm Islands of the sea,
Bring back sweet thoughts of memory,
Your coral beach and Palm clad hills
Wake in my soul a thousand thrills.

Oft in my dreams I see thy strand
By gentle south sea zephyrs fanned;
I gaze across the ways
Where golden sands the breakers leave.

My bark is sailing o'er the blue
I'm coming back again to you.
I'm coming back to rest a while -
I long to see Samoa's smile

Away off on Samoa
away off on Samoa,
where Mormon Elders go,
Don't we count our beans and crackers
When our cash is getting low.
When we eat corn-beef and hard-tack
Until our stomachs can hold no more
and we wonder how they'd like it
only on the other shore.

away off on Samoa,
Brightly shines the summer sun
And the storms of Prespiration,
Down our cheeks so freely run,
I hear the rain come down
in torrents
about eight days in every week
and the roof is just a fine
one. If it does not chance to leak.

Away off on Samoa
Life is pleasant, isn't it now,
When a fellow wants to talk
and can't.

just because he doesn't know how
Oh but don't he think of mother;
of her so sweet and fair.
Whom he loves, yes fairly worships,
Waiting for him over there.

away off on Samoa
Theres a band of honest boys,
sharing each others sorrows,
sharing each others joys
trying hard to learn the language
So they can teach the Plan,
"of Salvation," which the Savior,
Has revealed to fallen man

away off on Samoa
Where we use the butchers steel
To whet the rusty razors,
That among our whiskers steal
There we spend our leisure moments,
raising beards upon the chin
Which we value very highly
Be they ever so pale and thin.

Away off on Samoa
Where cock-roaches do abound
and where the bed-bugs loiter
Lest we sleep too sweet and sound
Where the rust and mildew gathers
On our dishes, clothes, and books
And we do our weekly washing
regardless of how it looks

Away off on Samoa
We tramp from town to town
Then with the dusky natives,
In their rude huts sit around,
to partake of Palusami,
and taro with raw fish
and we think, if very hungry
That it's a very dainty dish.

Away off on Samoa
We watch the monthly mail
And off for Pago Pago
we tread the weary trail

and our heart beats very lightly
as we scan the letters over.
And if each man should get a
dozen
We would surely look for more.

Away off on Samoa
If one neglected be
By some dear friends or loved one
In that land beyond the sea
Then he counts his letters over,
And there's a look of despair,
Creeping on his sun burned feature
That is noticed everywhere.

Away off on Samoa
There's a heart so lone
and sad.
With another month of waiting
Weary waiting for that lad.
There are signs off dull
misgivings

until the day rolls around
That brings a tardy message
Reading "Another Beau I've found"

Away off on Samoa
We think it just a sin
For a single friend to slight us,
When our mail is coming in.
We love your prayers and wish
But then we surely know,
If you really think of us
at all
You should write and tell
us so

The copy of a great man's thoughts

Oh, conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self. - Some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy.

Only one person who, if all

the rest of the world were to culminate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or unjust word who would cling to you closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; from whom, except by death, night or day, you may never be divided; whose smile is ever at your hearth who has no tears while you are well and happy and yours love the same.

Such is marriage if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime.

Adieu.

Forget Thee?

"Forget thee"? If to dream by night and
muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a
poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for
thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to
thee — a thousand in an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with
all my future lot -
If this thou call'st "forgetting;"
thou shalt be forgot!

"Forget Thee?" - Bid the forest-birds
forget their sweetest tune;
"Forget Thee?" - Bid the sea forget
to swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget
to drink the eve's refreshing
dew:
Thyself forget thine "own dear
land," and its mountains wild

and blue."
Forget each old familiar face, each long
remembered spot:
When these things are forgot by thee,
then thou shalst be forgot.

Keep if thou will, thy maiden peace,
still calm and fancy-free.
For God forbid thy gladsome heart
shall grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still
unwon, O bid not mine to rove.
But let it nurse its humble
faith and uncomplaining love;
If these, preserved for patient
years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then; but never
believe that thou canst
be forgot!

John Maultrie

Inclined that way -
I'm sure if someone should come along
Inclined to be gay
I'd soon be singing snatches of his song.
For I'm inclined that way -

But if someone should heave a heavy sigh
Bound to be blue
I'd soon be wiping tear drops from my eye
I'm that way too

And if a lover, false, should pass my way -
and leave me flat
I would forget him, too, within a day -
I am like that -

But if someone should really love me so
I knew it was true
I'd never, never, let him go -
I'm that way, aren't you?

Bess Foster Smith.

by -
"I saw"

"DIARY
1940

3

1. and was
ab little old
enjoyed the
n ab 7:00 A.M.
shaver and
went down
, (Smith)
go and
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re the
reign

King - good night.

Bring in a kerosene lantern	5 points
Bring in a white shoe lace	10 points
Bring in a green mango	5 points
Bring in five different kinds of leaves	5 points
Bring in a live chicken	15 points
Bring in a Samoan Pillow (Ali)	5 points
Bring in a coconut-shell	5 points
	115 Total

Time limit 45 minutes--- Notice, every borrowed article must be returned to its owner immediately after the game.

Pesega Boy Scouts Scavenger Hunt

List
****

Bring in one baked Taro.	5 points
Bring in a cob web or a spider web.	10 points
Bring in an "Olataga".	5 points
Bring in twenty five smooth smalll stones.	5 points
Bring in a peice of rope at least 12 feet in lenght with any five knots tied in it and name them correctly.	15 points
Bring in a strand of Horse-hair	5 points
Bring in a fly	10 points
Bring in a taro leaf	5 points
Bring in a green banana	5 points

Sat. Feb. 10. 1940 Beseqa

Arrived home at 3:00 A.M. and was plenty happy to get off that little old boat, however I rather enjoyed the trip over. arose again at 7:00 A.M. and took a nice cool shower and felt like a million. I went down to Apia with Mii Kita (Smith) and bought a few things and then returned to Beseqa.

I cranked up the power-mower and thought that I would teach Sio how to operate it but after watching it toss him around a bit, I gave it up as a bad job and finished cutting the lawn myself.

Sat around this P.M. talking with the Elders and then went to bed as the sleepiness seems to reign King - good-night.

Aleisa, Sun. Feb. 11. 1940

I had planned on going to Sunday School at Pesega but Pres. Tingey informs me that we are all to go to Aleisa to the dedication of their new church house (which was but only a typical Samoan house). We Elders, Smith, Bundy Randall, Livingston and myself went on the bus to Aleisa arriving there at about 10:00 A.M.

Our first meeting began about 11:30. President Tingey offered the dedicatorial Prayer and then called on me to speak - wow. was I frightened?

a big feast followed the meeting - we all did justice to the day as far as food was concerned.

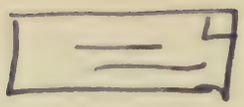
The 2nd meeting began at 3:30 and was followed by more food.

Incidentally. I might state that this branch was only organized a little over one year ago so I think that they are certainly to be commended for their efforts.

Elder Smith and I accepted an invitation of a Mr. Schwalger to stay over night at his plantation. We called at Jane's for us

We had a nice rough ride in a model A Ford tarck up to his plantation which is fairly well up in the slopes of the mountains and also in the densest of bush-land. It was nice and cool up there and it certainly was a treat.

Mr. & Mrs. Schwalger are both very friendly and sociable people and are treating us grand. We ate a delicious supper and then talked until bed-time 10:30



Beaega Monday- Feb. 12. 1940

Boy this good old mountain air certainly fills one full of vim- vigor. and vitality. I slept like a Kitten last ~~nowtth~~ night and was up bright and early this morning. after a hearty breakfast Mr. Schwalger, Elder Smith, and myself decided to ride up to lake "LANUTO'O" - This was my 2nd visit to the place - Elder Smith's first so we all enjoyed it.

Elder Smith and I rode bare-back on a couple of PLUG HORSES Part of the way - the other part of the way we walked much to my pleasure.

The visit to the lake was short and sweet but very enjoyable indeed.

We returned back at the Plantation about 1: P.M.

just in time for another of Mrs. Schwalgers delicious meals.

after eating and saying tofa to the plantation we rode back to Peega in Mr. Schwalgers truck. It was a very pleasant trip and I enjoyed every moment of it. Our American mail was here at Peega waiting for us - Needless to say, we were all waiting for it too.

I recieved some very nice letters from home. all were very nice but some a bit heart-breaking-

I dont know yet whether these are supposed to be those more commonly called "Edged in Blue" or what. one thing that I am sure of though is that time will soon tell.

Pesega Tuesday Feb. 13. 1940

Ho hum, I guess worries must be my weakness !! I am still toying to puzzle out Fran's letter. I went down to apia this A.M. with Pres. Tingey to take care of some business and then returned to Pesega.

I was asked by Pres. Tingey to drive Sister Tingey, Telea ah ching, and Laila Skipper up to aleisa on some Relief Society business. so when duty calls I must go.

after the Relief Society meeting the Sisters put on a big feast - and believe - you - me with some of Jane ah Mus chop Suey it Really was a success. attended Mutual this P.M. gave a lesson to the scouts on the "Union Jack" everything turned out OK.

Peoega Wed. Feb. 14, 1940

I got up early this A.M. but from all the good that I accomplished I might as well have stayed in bed.

Miss Vani has taken over practically full swing of the books and office-work and it leaves me almost without a job.

I spent a little more time tinkering around with the lawn-mower getting it so that it perks O.K.

Then came the biggest task of all and that is: getting this blinking diary of mine caught up.

Retired early.

4

Beauga Thurs. Feb. 15. 1940

I got up early this morning- shaved - showered and made ready for the days work that was ahead of me.

The family and all are planning to go to Samoa for conference. I helped Elder Livingston make out the Tithing Fund reports and then tried my best to help him straighten out the General Fund. Things were rather in what is commonly called a "mess". I worked very hard all day long on the reports - then went this evening together with Elders Livingston and Randall up to Hans Keil's place to spend the evening and listening to Miss Kei steel guitar lesson.

Peggy Fri. Feb. 16. 1940

Everyone was running around in circles this morning The family and all are planning to go to Samoa for conference I am to stay here alone and perform a wedding that is supposed to come in tomorrow. The journey left at 1:00 P.M. and here I am alone and twiddling my thumbs Sinofo fixed up some "ula" shrimps for supper and it certainly tasted good.

I spent the evening up at Percy Rivers place - in fact we had a nice little gathering - Mr. & Mrs. Keil, Mr. & Mrs. Tuderman. Charlie Rivers and Della Westbrook we had a great time and a very enjoyable visit Home at 10:30 P.M.

Pesega. Sat. Feb. 17. 1940

My first job was preparing breakfast. No sooner had I got the job done when Telesa ah-Ching came in with a nice cooked break-fast for me. She is certainly a dear.

I wrote a letter for Misi Tigi and then took it down town to the post-office. I called in to visit with Brother Southon who is very ill. I watched the basket-ball games at Vaimea for a short while but still no wedding came in.

Apelu & Muti Ruwen and I rode up to the hospital to visit the sick. Returned by way of Apia and then I treated the boys to the picture show - not so good but it passed away another evening

Peseg A Sunday, Feb. 18. 1940

I got up early this A.M. and prepared for Sunday School. I went up to Percy's place for dinner after S.S. and had a very nice time. Returned home at 1:00 P.M. then went up to visit with Sulai ah Mu who is sick with Carbuncles.

I attended meeting this P.M. at Pesega and was called upon to speak - much to my surprize - My subject was "Prayer"

I returned to the mission home and was solely alone - Vi came up and we listened to the radio for a while.

Beaga Monday Feb. 19. 1940

I got up early this A.M. and was told by Sio that our house was out.

I set out on the bicycle to find him, Enesa came to my assistance with his house and we were successfull in catching him.

Pres. Tingey and the party from Samoa returned just before dinner time - I was Plenty happy to be relieved of the job of cooking.

Muti Rivers and a Pele came along this afternoon to use the Power - mower So I spent the rest of the day out with them cutting grass.

Talked with Miss Muta this P.M. and so to bed.

Prosga Tuesday, Feb. 20. 1940

Friday
Nov. 1, 1940

The 1st of the month and here I am about two weeks behind in my diary once more. Oh well ae te taumafai pea -

I got up early this A.M. and tried my best to get a little of the work that I have on my hands finished.

Elder Livingston and I got our heads together and went to work at balancing up the cash in the General and Tract fund a/c.

Pres. Tingey returned from Savaii this afternoon with Elders Smith, Buttle, and Lisonbee - So you see we are more just one big happy family but it wont last long as four of us will be leaving soon.

Sat. Mar. 2nd 1940

I helped Elder Livingston Balance up the a/c this morning and then spent the rest of the morning doing various odd jobs.

Today was a big day in Perga It was our turn to open our basket.ball courts - The Saints went to an extreme lot of work in preparing food and etc to feed the players - Each team in turn paid 10-0 entrance fee - First Prize was 3-0-0 cash. We had 42 teams entered in the content which was played on 4 seperate courts. Elder Smith and I refereed the boys games - a good time was had by all.

Sun. May 3rd 1940.

~~Elder~~ Well, it looks as if today will be my last Sunday in Samoa so Perhaps I had better make it a big one. Elder Smith and I rode up to Matoatua on our bicycles to spend Sunday School and the afternoon meeting.

The village had a very good Program prepared which we all enjoyed very much.

We were invited to spend the time between meetings at the home of Egon & Nellie Keil. We had a very delightful day and enjoyed our visit there very much. Nellie Prepared us a very delicious dinner that certainly hit the spot.

Meeting was held at 2:30 a large crowd was in attendance. Elder Smith and

I used up the full time giving our farewell speeches to the Saints of Matoatua.

We returned to Pesega about 6:30 P.M. via bicycles and were just in time for the evening meeting.

I was given the opportunity to give my farewell speech in Pesega. I talked from 20 - 25 minutes and never before have I had such a good spirit to be with me. I love this branch and these People and I am almost dreading the day to come when I must bid them all tofa.

Mon. Mar. 4. 1940

The days are becoming fewer and fewer - and gee, it sorta gives me a big empty sinking feeling way down inside every time that I even so much as think about leaving Samoa.

I'm just afraid that this is going to be a day of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I began that most dreaded business of "packing up" and believe me it wasn't a bit of fun either.

Pres. Tingey, Elders Smith & Lisonbee left for Tutuila this afternoon by the "Army."

Elder Buttle and I will be going over on this same boat next Thurs.

The Boy Scouts, Beehive Girls and M. Men gave me rather a "surprize Farewell party" tonight. It was certainly a big affair and plenty of fun too. The boys were very generous with their gifts and brought in many fine mats and curios.

The party was over at 10:30, and then Elder Buttle and I rode down to Mullinnix Point with Lina & Myrtle Rivers. We talked and chatted for a while and then returned to our home in Pesega.

Thus another day is ended.

Tues. March 5th. 1940

Boy oh boy, if only I had about one dozen helpers to help me get all of this junk and things packed.

There are so many things that I must do and the time certainly has me rushed.

I worked on my duds all day long. getting things in shape for the big trip.

Elder Buttle and I rode down town this P.M. on our wheels to watch a basket ball game or two.

I was supposed to have attended Mutual tonight but I got there only in time to give the lesson to the Boy Scouts.

Buttler and I were supposed to have been invited down to Lina's place for supper

tonight so we rode down town but it was just another wild goose chase.

We met Vi Hammemann out in front of the mission - hailed us a gold Star Taxi and decided to do a good bit of Tafooing. Vi called out Della Westbrook for Miss Line - I surely got a bang out of it.

We rode down to Muliuwai point - went along the beach. and enjoyed things immensely. Vi and I sat along the beach - well who wouldn't anyhow!!

Returned home about 12:30 P.M.

Wed. March 6. 1940

Today is my last full day to spend at Peseqa. There was plenty of work to be done - plenty of people to see, and plenty of places to go - but yeh I must stick on the job.

The village of Peseqa gave me a lovely Farewell party tonight. There were many Friends present - and we all certainly had a lovely time.

I gave two farewell speeches and believe me it was plenty tough giving them.

Elder Buttle came back after the fiafia - and had a little party up his sleeve. but it was very late so the faamaemae of both of us never did tauuiu.

I LEAVE UPOLU

Thurs. March 7th 1940

I was up at the 1st crack of daylight and began packing. Recieved a telephone message that the boat was leaving at 12:00 instead of 4:00. This put me in a Dickens of a rush. I took a taxi down town and just happened to meet Victoria Wannemann. We went for a short Tafaw up to the Vaivasa Plantation - Had a swell time - too bad we didnt have more cookies and time -

Bid tofa to Elder Randall Livingston, Sister Tingey, Vi and Peka -

and sailed on the "AMY" for Tutuila - The sea was very calm - We had a swell trip - and good company.

Sail for America

Friday March 8th 1940

We arrived in the harbor at Pago Pago Midnight last Night - had a swell trip over - but had to sleep aboard ship until 7:30 A.M. - We got our baggage off the ship - and then Rode in a bus down to Pago Pago Mission House. changed clothes and made already for the big trip.

Those who will journey to America are Elders K. E. Smith L. R. Buttle, F. O. Lisonbee, and myself. Elders R. W. Clayton, J. E. Chatwin, and F. D. Wiggin are being transferred from this mission to Honolulu and are sailing with us. Pres. Tingey - Elders Barlow, Stewart, Anderson, and Lunsford were at the boat to

see us off. We had a swell time together - not only today but always. Down in my old heart there is a sinking feeling that I cant hardly describe - I dread to see shore Islands fading out into the Distance -

Gradually Tutuila faded out - and Then Manua. Samoa. My only Paradise. I hope that I might see you again someday -

the ship - S.S.
MARIPOSA - ROOM 514
E DECK -

HAVING A SWELL TIME
BUT I WISH I WERE
BACK -

Good night -

Cpt

ABOARD S.S. MARIPOSA

Sat. Mar 9. 1940

I wake up this A.M. just as the bath steward seemed to be kicking in the door on us 6:00 A.M.

This is my first morning aboard ship - breakfast aught to taste good. eh what?

Lisonbee. Buttle. Smith. Higgins Clayton. myself and a Samoan boy got all wound up this A.M. and gave the passengers a 1st class demonstration of Samoan singing - dancing and what not.

We are making many friends aboard ship and having a great time.

I signed up for all of the deck sports today but I'm afraid that when the playoff comes I'm going to find myself on the little end of the score

IBID

Sun. May 10th 1940

Well here it is the good old "Ass da" once more and me with no services to attend.

Not much doing aboard ship today. in fact everything is very quiet. There is a rather "dead" crowd on the boat - some of them are dreadfully boring - but then again some of them are Pretty dog-gone Nice.

I just roamed about the ship all day long today passing away time as the ship lapped up the many watery miles that are ahead of us.

attended the shows on deck "Golden Boy" Ish was a boring picture O.K. to pass the time away.

"I B i D."

Mon. March 11. 1940

The ship is still plowing its way towards Honolulu and doing a real good job of it too.

I got beaten out of most of the deck sports this A.M. so I spent the rest of the day associating with the passengers.

I spent a lovely afternoon showing pictures and chatting with "Aunt Mable," (MRS. CHAMBERS) a nurse, and her Australian girl friend. We had a right good time and they are plenty nice people.

We had another big "fiafia" Samoan songs & dancing this P.M. in which we Elders took a big part.

Got a big surprise tonight to find that one of the passengers up from Australia is a gal from

Bingham, Utah - graduated the same year as I and says that she is well acquainted with me.

I don't remember her any too well (Miss M. H. Jenson) but she certainly knows many of my old friends.

I had a right nice good time chatting away with the old gal - she told me all about this and that - certainly brought back many old memories.

Well I just guess this goes to show you that it's a pretty small world after all, and so to bed.

Tues. March 12. 1940

Still going strong for Honolulu, we are supposed to arrive there tomorrow. The day was passed away in the usuall manner - namely: Reading, twiddling thumbs, "shooting the bull" and parading the decks. I had a nice little chat with the charming Miss Bull - a very winsome Lass if you ask me.

Went down in Clayton's room this P.M. and ordered up a ~~bunch~~ plate of sandwiches.

They tasted pretty good so we all went down to my room where we met Elders Smith & Lisonbee and ordered up another plate. The steward was quite surprised and asked if he hadn't seen us some place before but a 25¢ tip worked wonders

"A DAY IN HONOLULU"

Wed. March 13th 1940

The ship put in at 8:00 A.M. boy, what a thrill it was to see civilization once more. The first thing that I saw was three fire engines racing madly about town and their sirens going full blast. Almost made me wonder whether or nah I dareh cares the streets.

all of the Elders stopping off had to go through a custom inspection, which left me out and the first one off the boat so to speak.

I met a group of Elders from the Japanese Mission and later on had the Privilege of meeting Pres. Robinson and his wife.

Apostle Callis arrived this A.M. on the Matsonia so naturally there was quite

a big affair. Smith, Buttle, Lisonbee and myself stayed pretty much together all day long. We first went to "Castle & Cooke" to arrange transfer of tickets - and thence to the post office. We ran into an old friend of Elder Buttle's Aldous Lambert, a returned missionary who is working in Honolulu.

We was kind enough to drive us about the city in his car - and later turned it over to us to spend the afternoon to go wherever we pleased.

We drove out to the Army new "HICKAM Field" and watched 18 new bombers take-off and pass in review. It certainly was a thrilling sight -

I had a great time talking things over with the boys in the meteorological office. They were certainly a nice bunch.

Returned to Honolulu. where Lisonbee and I each bought us a pair of shoes. + etc.

Elders Buttle and Smith remained with the car. Elder Lisonbee and I met up with them again and they drove me down to the docks. Clayton & Higgins were there to bid me "TOFA" The boat pulled out of Honolulu at 4:15 and am now on the rode to Los Angeles —

Spent the evening running around the ship acquainting myself with my fellow passengers.

Lonesome as the dickens without the other fellows.

Thurs. March 14, 1940

Woke up at 5:30 A.M. wow - what a day it was - cold - storming - and as windy as the dickens - boy I just simply - shivered and shook - and chattered my teeth all day long - I never seen such a cold disagreeable place in all my life - I hope that it soon gets a bit warmer.

There wasn't much doing on deck today the passengers are all either sea-sick or frozen stiff.

I indulged in a few mild games of ping-pong but none of them amounted to much.

I attended the pictures tonight. Ginger Rogers in "FIFTH AVENUE girl" pretty good.

Fri. March 15th, 1940

As we near the mainland the weather seems to be getting colder instead of sunny- a continual cold rain fell all day long making the day most miserable.

I played a game or two of Ping-Pong this A.M. and then spent the rest of the morning talking with a Catholic Priest who came down from 1st class especially to talk with me. He was certainly a jovial sociable sort of a fellow and was very interesting to talk with. He certainly had a line of gab.

I slept most of the afternoon - ate supper and then was going to write but got in a nice conversation with Miss Bull instead - a nice gal - and how —!!

Sat. march 16. 1940